

# THE GREEN CALDRON

A Magazine of Freshman Writing



## CONTENTS

<i>Ardis Miller: Alone . . . . .</i>	1
<i>Mildred Ary: On Being the Oldest in the Family . . . . .</i>	2
<i>Gordon Johnson: Campus Lingo . . . . .</i>	3
<i>Stanley Elkin: The People, Maybe . . . . .</i>	4
<i>Anonymous: Dwight Reformatory . . . . .</i>	6
<i>Eleanor Sifferd: I, Claudius . . . . .</i>	11
<i>James Hardesty: A Date to Remember . . . . .</i>	12
<i>Anonymous: Deep Sea Diving . . . . .</i>	13
<i>Robert A. Cataldo: The Sacco-Vanzetti Case . . . . .</i>	15
<i>Jack Rolens: One Person I Can't Forget . . . . .</i>	19
<i>Kenneth Miles: John the Barber . . . . .</i>	20
<i>Caroline Taylor: Short Stories of the Tragedy and Comedy of Life . . . . .</i>	21
<i>Stanley Elkin: My First Fight . . . . .</i>	22
<i>Uzoechina Nwagbo: Why I Chose the University of Illinois . . . . .</i>	23
<i>Stanley Koven: The Band that Came to Dinner . . . . .</i>	25
<i>David McConnell: I Love My Country . . . . .</i>	28
<i>Chiijoko Katano: Four Daughters . . . . .</i>	29
<i>Melvin Churovich: Tornado . . . . .</i>	31
<i>Rhet as Writ . . . . .</i>	31
<i>The Contributors . . . . .</i>	32





# Alone

ARDIS MILLER

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 4*

IT WAS A TYPICAL DECEMBER DAY IN THE CITY. THE department store windows blazed with their colorful Christmas displays; the busy shoppers bobbed along, laden with their purchases; and on the corner a jolly Salvation Army Santa Claus jangled his bell to the melody of car horns, rattling street cars, and happy voices. Every heart was bubbling over with the holiday spirit; it was the time of peace on earth, good will to men.

The joyful mass of people brushed by me, completely unaware of my existence, for I was alone in the throng. Alone, completely alone and friendless. I wandered aimlessly down State Street, gazing disinterestedly at the shop windows and watching the happy faces reflected in the glass. I had only to put out my hand and I could touch one of my fellow men, but these people were nothing to me, and I was nothing to them. If the street had been deserted, I thought, I would have felt less alone.

As darkness descended, the intensity of the blazing lights increased, and the street was gowned in a red and green robe of reflections. I wandered past cocktail lounge, and from the amplifier over the door came the brassy strains of a popular song. Inside, sophisticated young ladies smiled enchantingly at their happy escorts. A jovial bartender energetically shook a cocktail shaker, and an attractive dice-girl smiled as she reaped the house's winnings. For these people the world was warm and cheerful, but for me there was only the darkness of a winter sky and the frightful loneliness that imprisoned my heart.

Then a light snow began to fall, and it seemed that the entire population was going home. Busses and trains were crammed with package-laden shoppers and newspaper-reading business men, all of them weary, but cheerful, at the prospect of the approaching holidays.

I walked and walked down State Street and then over to Michigan Boulevard. As I walked, the hustle and bustle of the city disappeared, and even the buildings were disguised by a curtain of white. The wide thoroughfare had become deserted, and a strange silence engulfed the great city. It was like existing in a vacuum—complete and utter silence, no motion, no life, only the gentle caress of a million snowflakes. I raised my head and looked at the dark sky with its graceful white flakes pirouetting to the ground. In their hurried descent some of them nestled in my hair; others settled quietly on my shoulders. Under my feet others of their multitude formed a soft and glittering carpet.

This was my world, gentle and quiet, devoid of noise and haste. Here, although I was the only person on the street, I was happy. My loneliness had left me, and I was free to lift up my heart, as well as my head, and smile. There

was nothing to detract from my bliss, no one to make me feel alone and unwanted. The world was mine and mine alone, and I loved every glittering particle of it. I knew that with the dawn would return the throngs with their blasting horns, loud voices, and hurrying feet, and that the roar of the metropolis would soon make me friendless again. I knew that the serene beauty and peace of that night must end with the first rays of light, but it didn't seem to matter. I no longer felt alone.

## On Being the Oldest in the Family

MILDRED ARY

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 3*

IT IS ONE OF MY FIRM CONVICTIONS, DRAWN FROM PERSONAL experience, that parents, when starting a family, should invariably begin with twins. The first eight years of my life were happy, carefree and sisterless. Then things began to change. Someone must have informed the stork that he had been neglecting us. At any rate, this unpleasant individual began supplying me with baby sisters—three in all, and at three-year intervals.

At the appearance of Esther, the first little visitor, I was thrilled completely. As I was only eight, the few small services I was capable of were indicated by such commands as, "Mickey, run and get the baby oil, please," and, "Mickey, will you warm the baby's bottle for Mother?" It took Esther a long time to become even partially self-sufficient, but it was all a grand experience for me.

Then, just when she reached this stage, another little guest was welcomed—perhaps not with so much fervor as the first, but still welcomed. Janet turned out to be a perverse character who slept while people sat around trying to bathe and feed her, and cried while these same people tried to sleep. I was older now, and the little requests ran to such things as, "Mickey, will you fix the baby's formula now?" and, "Will you rock her tonight so Mother can sleep for a while?" and, "Will you give Janet her bottle and her cereal?" Soon, *ad infinitum*. Still it was interesting and I labored diligently. But by the time Janet was able to spoon her own cereal and navigate under her own power, I was beginning to think sisters were more trouble than they were worth.

At this advantageous moment, the third little intruder was received, but I couldn't truthfully say I welcomed her. By now I had reached the level of experience and maturity where Mother felt that I was "a great help." Bottles, baths, diapers, formulas, outings—I led a gay and useful life. Now Joan has reached the age of self-sufficiency too, and no more sisters are impending.

I love my little sisters devotedly, but my one wish is that I had been the youngest!



# Campus Lingo

GORDON JOHNSON

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 4*

**M**ANY NEW WORDS AND PHRASES HAVE BEEN ADDED to the English language, especially at the colloquial level and in the campus dialectal area, because of foreign students. Leading linguists and philologists have reported that this is one reason why our language has become increasingly confused. The following examples are presented in an attempt to help eliminate this confusion:

*Jeet* (of Lower Slobbovian origin) is perhaps the most frequently used of all words that make up campus lingo. Translated into English, the expression means "Did you eat?" Its wide usage is the result of the fact that college students are always hungry. The word is used in the expression "Jeet yet?" or "Jeet dinner?" Of course, at other times during the day, the phrase may be altered to "Jeet breakfast?" or "Jeet lunch?"

*D'jhu* (early Babylonian) pronounced "Ju," means "Did you?" An example of this is: "D'jhu attend classes today?"

*Wareyafrum* (believed to have come from an early Semitic origin) means "Where do you come from?" or simply "Where are you from?" This phrase is used by almost every new acquaintance. Therefore, it is essential that you fully understand the translation of the phrase.

*Harya* (from the Comanche) is a common form of salutation meaning "How are you?" as in "Harya this morning?"

*Hoozher* (originated in Western Mongolia, but generally accepted to be more immediately from the state of Indiana) is now used as a modern interrogatory form: "Hoozher friend?" You are never confronted with this question except when accompanied by another individual. The word *Hoozher* can be used many other ways besides "Hoozher friend?" For example: "Hoozher instructor?" or "Hoozher best girl?"

*Woncha* and *Coodjya* (both of Abyssinian origin) mean "Won't you?" and "Could you?" These are used to a great extent when asking for something, as: "Woncha dance with me?" or "Coodjya lend me a dime?"

*Kamanin* (Indo-Chinese origin), pronounced "Kuh-mah-nin," is an invitational form meaning: "Come in" or "Enter." Almost everyone uses this phrase when answering the door while eating a ham sandwich.

*Swati* (origin, remote Hindustan), pronounced "Swat-eye," is a modern condensation of "That is what I—." It is used as in "Swati thought" or "Swati told you."

English has always borrowed freely from other languages. These recent noble, global importations merely continue our long and glorious linguistic tradition.

# The People, Maybe

STANLEY ELKIN

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 3*

IT IS GETTING LATE. TOMORROW MORNING HAS BEEN here for a few hours already. Everyone else in the house is asleep. Have been for a long time. The only sound is the sound of my typewriter tapping its steel fingers against the paper which moves along graciously in the roller, accepting without question whatever syllables my fingers impose upon it.

I have just completed Carl Sandburg's *The People, Yes*. For six hours I have been reading sentences without periods, questions without question-marks, and words like American, France, and George Smith without capitals. It was as much trouble for me to read it as it was for Carl Sandburg to write it. I think that the only way for me to review the book is in the style that Sandburg wrote it. The following illegitimate prose, or poetry, is the result of my contact with *The People, Yes*.

. . . .

## THE PEOPLE, MAYBE

The people, yes?

No. Not yet. I don't think so.

Soon maybe. But not yet. Not just yet.

What combinations of names spoken of reverently in lending libraries and rhetoric classes can take two billion people, different people, different people, different people, and say of them: "Here is the answer. Step right up folks. Here is the answer and it's guaranteed. Definition of the people in two hundred eighty-six pages, complete and unabridged"?

grosset & dunlopp, blakiston, harcourt, brace, viking, doubleday, rand & mc nally, henry holt, all good men, respected in their field with war and peace, you can't go home again, tom sawyer, and forever amber under their belt—Would they? Could they?

Should they say: "Here is the answer. Step right up folks. Here is the answer and it's guaranteed. Definition of the people in two hundred eighty-six pages, complete and unabridged."?



Sandburg speaks :

"Watch closely, Nothing up my sleeve. And yet  
folks [to Sandburg all human beings are folks]  
I will produce out of the thin air a working  
definition of Everyman in a few well chosen  
paragraphs."

The onlookers become silent. They are awed at the  
statement. A little boy tugs at his mommy's skirt  
and whispers, "Can it be done mommy? Can it?"

The magician works quickly.

He comes up with a definition, as promised, but  
the crowd is restless. They are not satisfied  
with the results. "Can it be done, mommy?"

"Yes. But not yet. He tried hard but he failed."

It can be done but not for a few centuries yet.

Man is not yet complete. He is still in his  
adolescence. He's growing fast though. Vitamins  
like the harnessing of the atom  
and proteins like the idea of one world  
may do a lot to speed up the process.

It is difficult to take a picture of a  
baby and from it determine what the  
adult will look like.

This is what Sandburg has done.

. . . . .

You can do much with a wrong assumption  
if they do not catch you  
and if you believe sincerely in that wrong assumption.  
Sandburg could not have believed, for throughout the  
book his theories undulate. His philosophy :

"Man is here to stay . . . unless he goes someplace else."

"Man will yet win out . . . unless he loses."

"Man is a great guy . . . except for some."

It is not very convincing . . . unless. . . .

. . . . .

The people, yes?

No. Not yet. I don't think so.

The people, maybe.

Yes.

The people, maybe.

# Dwight Reformatory

ANONYMOUS

*Rhetoric X2, Assignment 25, Extension*

PEOPLE WHO HAVE OCCASION TO VISIT DWIGHT REformatory for Women see in it a model institution built on the cottage plan, with well trained, understanding house-mothers in charge of each unit. They see a large expanse of farm country, healthy live stock, and modern farm equipment. They read the record and appreciate that the institution has the reputation for having the lowest percentage of repeaters of any institution of its kind in the country. But that does not tell the whole story. The institution has a heart. I was to learn that through an unforgettable experience.

The Regional Director of the United States Public Health Service discussed with me the possibility of housing, in one of the cottages at Dwight, the troublesome young camp followers who were venereally infected prostitutes. We were convinced that these girls needed psychiatric and social treatment as well as medical care and isolation. Dwight had a psychiatrist on its staff, and it had a competent social worker available on the grounds. Miss Hazard, the superintendent, was also a social worker who for many years had been identified with the Chicago courts. She understood the problem. She and her institution seemed ideal for the project if we could interest her in undertaking it. I was selected to talk with her, and try to "sell" her the idea.

It was a piercing blue-cold day when I visited, late in September. It had been raining continuously since early morning, and it looked like an all day affair. The heavy purple clouds still hung low in the sky. As I stepped off the train a friendly, middle-aged woman recognized me, and we were soon on our way in the institution's car. The rain had softened the mud roads, making them slithery. It was difficult to keep the wheels moving in a straight line, and at one point in the road the car seemed to sink up to the hubs of the wheels. It was the driver's skill alone that brought the car out of the mud after the wheels had been spinning in place for several minutes. At the door of the Administration Building, a young crippled girl invited me to come in.

"Miss Hazard is expecting you," she said as she opened the door for me to enter. "Go up those stairs and walk to the end of the hall." She pointed the way for me.

It was a long flight of stairs, straight up, without a break. Miss Hazard's apartment was at the end of the long, narrow hall leading off from the top of the stairs. No one else lived in that part of the building. Her apartment door was open, and she called out, "Come right in and sit down! I'm giving my pooch a bath. We'll be through in a minute."



I stepped into the room and closed the door behind me. The living room was most attractive, with walls of a soft wedgwood blue. Sparkling white, ruffled curtains at the double windows made the room look particularly feminine. A rose-colored couch cover and a striped blue and rose covering on a lounge chair gave the room a lively air. A crowded book case, a magazine rack, and comfortable looking chairs were scattered about the room. Landscapes and a few black and white etchings told their stories from the walls. The whole room had a "lived-in" feeling. Cozy, and nice to be in. I was there by myself for fully five minutes and I had time to look about. I was prepared to meet a "lady's lady."

Miss Hazard's cheery voice came from an adjoining room, "Don't get discouraged. Both pooch and I are getting washed up. We needed it after being out this morning. There now." She was addressing her dog. He came bounding out of the room looking more like a drowned squirrel than a cocker spaniel. He paraded around the room, then stopped in the middle and proceeded to shake himself vigorously, jetting the water from his fur. Then he slouched to the corner and lay down on a small rug. Miss Hazard came in shortly after, extending her hand for a friendly handshake.

"The mud has been so bad that I decided the only way to cut down on the chores of housekeeping was to clean up the occupants. There won't be a train until 4:30, and we'll have plenty of time to visit." She disappeared again, returning with a tray of hot coffee and chocolate chip cookies. Delicious hot coffee! In a very few minutes we were like old friends.

No, she did not look especially feminine. She wore a black jersey dress with starched white collar and cuffs. The straight lines of her skirt made her look even taller than she was. She had on a pair of black oxfords—square-toes and flat heeled. Her black hair was parted in the middle and drawn down over her ears to the back of her head, framing her egg-shaped face. She had quite a pointed chin, but her smiling lips softened the line, and her expressive brown eyes made her seem young and alive. I noticed her hands as she busied herself with the coffee things. They were strong, mannish hands—short, stubby, and wide.

"Now, tell me what queer notion Dr. Brown has on his mind." She was ready to discuss the proposal.

I proceeded to explain my mission and she listened without interrupting me. When I finished she said, "My first responsibility is to the people sent here by the courts, and my first consideration is for their good. I don't think your program will work. We have murderers here for life; we have women, young and old, serving long prison terms—thieves, forgers, and the like. Well, you know there isn't any other place to send women who commit felonies. I get them all. Don't let the word 'reformatory' fool you. This is the state's prison for women. When you send prostitutes here they won't be accepted by the group. Queer, but true, our people have their own set of moral standards, and

I'm afraid the two groups won't mix. They won't get along. Secondly, your people will be here voluntarily; they will have freedom that the others cannot have; their stay will be comparatively short. They become a privileged class. I will have to think about it. I don't think it will be right, but I will think about it, and—."

We were interrupted by a long, loud ring. Miss Hazard went to the telephone. I could hear the excited voice of the girl at the door.

"Relax, Rosemary, let them come up." Miss Hazard was giving directions to Rosemary. "No, they won't kill me! Quiet now. Don't let them think you're afraid." Miss Hazard turned to me and said, "I've just been notified that the women assigned to work in the pig pen are on a rampage. They are on their way up here."

She saw the panic in my eyes.

"Do you want to go?" I shook my head to say, "No."

"You'll be all right if you sit right near this back door. You can step out to a lower landing and to the street any time you want to."

Miss Hazard took her seat on the couch and picked up her knitting basket. I did not know until afterward that she had a gun in that basket.

We could hear the heavy tramping, the shuffling feet, and the clashing of metal, in the corridor. Above the clatter we could hear angry voices, cursing, swearing, threatening, "We'll fix her!" "We'll show her!" "Just let me get my hands—!"

It was quiet for a second. Then a gruff voice called out. "Open that door, or we'll bust it down!"

Miss Hazard did not leave her seat. With no sign of excitement or concern in her voice she said, "What's the matter, Mary? My door is open. Come in."

The door was pushed open with a muddy shovel. Never have I seen such a group of angry women. They were all shapes and sizes. I do not know how many were there, but the corridor was jammed full, and others were on the stairs. I could see clearly only the three that were bunched in the doorway. Mary, the woman Miss Hazard had addressed, was a heavy set, square faced woman with large features. She looked Slavic. She glared angrily at Miss Hazard. She was carrying a long, three-pronged pitchfork. Her clothing was covered with mud from her waist down. Her hands and face were dirty. Her lower lip protruded and quivered. The second woman was a tough looking person, probably in the middle forties. It was she who had pushed open the door with the shovel which she still brandished in the air as though ready to use it at the first signal. The third was a little wiry woman probably still in her twenties. Hers was rather a pretty face, but hard. Her bleached blond hair was matted with mud. She carried one rubber boot in her hand, letting the mud and water drip to the floor. She was wiping the mud from her face with the hem of her skirt. I could see only the tops of the heads of the other



women through the open door, but towering above them were their garden tools—pitchforks, hoes, shovels, and long-handled wire brushes.

Miss Hazard remained calm even though fists were shaken in her face. The women all talked at once. The words that were distinguishable were, "We'll kill Miss Ella." "We're warning you." "You'll get it if you get in our way!"

"Well, Helen, what's up?" Miss Hazard addressed the question to the woman with the hoe. Before there was any opportunity for a reply she added, "Come on in, come in, Gertrude, over here. And there's a seat." She motioned to the women individually to take seats in the room. Then she turned to the blond girl and said, "You sure look a sight."

Helen moved forward sullenly as Miss Hazard pointed to the lounge chair. Then she stopped, hesitated, looked around at the other women who were quiet now, and placed her hoe in the corner outside in the hall. Miss Hazard pretended not to notice this action and continued to talk to Helen.

"There's plenty of room for everyone to sit down someplace." Each girl as she entered the room parked her tool in the hall, although somewhat reluctantly. Then Mary took the floor.

"G—d— Miss Ella! We've been in the pig pen since five o'clock this morning trying to catch the pigs. Miss Ella says we had to get them, or else. G—, we'll get her first! Look at us—just look at us! Look at Helen!" She pointed to the blond girl who was still holding the muddy boot in her hand. "She fell on her face in that filthy pig pen and the mud's gone clean through to her inside!"

Helen stood up and a gob of slimy mud slid down her leg from under her skirt, to the floor. Helen began to cry. Miss Hazard put her arm around Helen's shoulder and said, "Go into my bathroom and get scrubbed up. You'll find my bathrobe in there. You put it on and we'll send for some clean clothes for you." Helen shuffled across to the bathroom.

"And the rest of you," continued Miss Hazard. "You're pretty, too." There were a few crooked smiles. The dog came forward to the middle of the room and began to shake himself again.

"Look out girls, or you'll get another kind of shower!"

All eyes were focused on the dog. The tension was broken. They were no longer an angry mob. They were a pathetic, dejected group of women—cold, dirty, uncomfortable, and helpless. But soon the experiences of the morning were being retold as jokes. How Mabel sat down in the puddle with the pig in her lap was told with hilariously funny gestures. They were all laughing now. Then Helen emerged from the bathroom. She had washed her hair, which hung string-like and straight to her shoulders. She had draped the blue quilted robe dramatically around her. Barefoot, with one hand on her hip and swinging her body grotesquely from side to side, she came forward extending her hand for a "fancy handshake." She strutted about the room, her head tilted high, much to the delight of the others, who were laughing

freely now. Miss Hazard took her cue from the new attitude of the group. "Listen, girls. Now about those porkers. We haven't any other meat for tomorrow, and tomorrow is Sunday. Those pigs are your pork chops. Do you want them or don't you want them? It's up to you."

Mary started, "By G—"

Miss Hazard ventured another approach. "It's still raining. Why don't we wait until this afternoon? It might stop by that time and then we can get the pigs. You can get cleaned up for lunch, and you'll be clean at least for a little while. Well, I never thought I'd see the day when a bunch of pigs would floor you girls. You live and learn!"

Mary felt challenged then. She wanted to prove that she deserved her place as leader of the group. "Oh, yea? You wait. We'll show those porkers who's boss. You just watch us! . . ." Then, "Gee, Miss Hazard, we sure made a pig pen out of your place. Say, Helen, you're clean, and so is that lazy piece of cheese, Liss. What about you two cleaning up the joint?"

"O. K., if you want to." Miss Hazard was agreeable to the idea.

When the last girl left the apartment, Miss Hazard went to her private phone and called Miss Ella. I could hear her conversation. "Listen, Ella, who are you sore at, for heaven's sake? Why take it out on the girls? You can't catch pigs on a day like this and you know it. We'll have fish tomorrow and like it. The girls will be down this afternoon and will tell you they will go out after the pigs. You tell them not to because the weather is too bad. Say it as though you knew they were human, too." She listened to the voice for a moment, then continued, "Yes, it is good discipline. Will you ever learn that there is no place for cruelty in this outfit? You had better come and see me before the day is over."

Miss Hazard turned to me. "I suppose it's natural that people who decide to work in an institution like this do so to get rid of their own guilt feeling by helping with the punishment of others, but it makes doing business here quite difficult sometimes. Well, now, where were we?" She was ready to pick up the subject of my visit.

I was still breathing hard, still somewhat scared. I had not regained my equilibrium. Of one thing I was sure. If Miss Hazard did not believe the project proposed was a good one, it could not be. I could have no quarrel with a woman who so well understood her group that she had changed an incident which might have resulted disastrously for her into a hilarious house party.

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# I, Claudius

ELEANOR SIFFERD

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 1*

IN THE HISTORY OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE, EMPEROR Claudius holds a rather obscure place. It is a historical fact that he once wrote an autobiography which was lost centuries ago. In *I, Claudius*, Robert Graves attempts to rewrite that story as the Emperor himself might have dictated it. The result is an elaborate canvas of the history of Rome from the reign of Augustus in the first century B. C. through the elevation of Claudius himself to the throne in A. D. 41.

*I, Claudius* is not a formal history, but resembles a family chronicle written in a conversational style. By writing the story in the first person, the author succeeds in maintaining a certain pleasing informality throughout the book. Graves assembles his work with careful reference to two of the principal Roman authorities, Suetonius and Tacitus. He includes interesting minor touches such as the pretense of writing in Greek, the amusing soldier's jests, and the frequent use of colloquial verse.

In this book, Claudius, a rather decent fellow, unfolds the story of the corruption and degeneracy of the Roman Empire during the period when Rome was a place of extravagance, violence, and evil. He tells of the growing impotence of the upper class as the group tried to preserve the illusion of power. That society is subtly portrayed in the fascinating character of Livia, whom Claudius calls "both admirable and abominable." Obsessed with an uncanny lust for power, she encouraged the poisoning of a potential candidate for the throne so that her husband, Augustus, might ascend as the emperor. During his reign, Livia, the grandmother of Claudius, gained such a hold over her husband that she literally ruled Rome for more than sixty years.

Although the story deals essentially with the collapse of the Roman Empire, in effect it has a much deeper significance. The reader finds himself comparing the Roman times with our own troubled era. Certainly Livia can be compared with recent and contemporary world leaders who have shown that they value power and material wealth above common decency and respect for the individual. *I, Claudius* is filled with such parallels, both subtle and obvious.

Even an attempt to write about a time of such historical dispute is an act of courage. Robert Graves nobly succeeds in painting a vivid portrait of Rome in its glory and in its eventual downfall. Especially remarkable is his ability to combine fascinating history with an interesting narrative, into which are injected deep and significant questions to challenge the reader. *I, Claudius* is a book which is well worth reading.

# A Date to Remember

JAMES HARDESTY

*Rhetoric II, Final Examination*

JUNE 8, 1948, MIGHT WELL PROVE TO BE AS IMPORTANT A day in American history as July 4, 1776. On June 8, 1948, the United States Senate passed a bill which, in a sense, would allow the United States to raise a Foreign Legion. For the first time in American history, the United States would have a truly mercenary army.

Machiavelli, the Italian author and diplomat, stated that the raising of a mercenary army was a sign of national decay. The state has lost its appeal to its citizens if it cannot raise an army at home but must instead raise one from outside its borders.

A classic example of a country which as it decayed put more and more trust in an army of mercenaries is the Roman Empire. Until the time of Marius in the first century B. C., the Romans had had a citizen army. Marius, however, raised an army of Sicilians and other non-Roman Mediterranean peoples in order to conquer the Numidians. After Marius, practically all of the Roman Legions were composed mainly of non-Romans. These soldiers felt no love of Rome. In fact, many of them came from lands that had been conquered by the Romans only a few years before. If anything, these men hated Rome far more than they loved it. However, this army, partly because of its size and partly because of its lack of loyalty to Rome, became a major force in Roman politics even before the birth of Christ. These men gave no thought to the welfare of Rome, but instead joined whichever general or politician could offer them the most money.

With the exception of the Swiss mercenaries who fought in France and Italy, the record of mercenary troops has been just as bad throughout history. A case in point is that of Italy during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. During that period Italy was divided into many small city-states which were constantly battling for supremacy. Because they were small, they resorted to the hiring of mercenaries to raise large armies. The record of these troops is one of the blackest pages in Italian history. They would first be fighting for one city, then for another. It was not at all unusual for them to change sides in the middle of a war.

Thus it can be seen that foreign mercenaries present two concrete dangers. One is their complete lack of loyalty. Can you imagine an "American" army composed of Germans, Poles, Letts, etc., fighting such a campaign as American troops did in the Philippines in 1941-1942? The second danger is perhaps merely an outgrowth of the first. Because of their lack of any real patriotic feeling, mercenaries would be willing tools of any power-mad maniac who



might wish to seize control of the United States. Mercenary troops of the Praetorian Legion placed many a Roman Caesar on the throne. The Swiss guard of Louis XVI fought to the bitter end to perpetuate his corrupt reign. Can we have any assurance that the same thing would not happen here in America?

The answer is no. If the United States needs a large army, let it be raised in the same manner as armies were raised in the Civil War and in both World Wars—by conscription of the citizens. Any other method is a definite gamble, and not a very safe gamble at that.

## Deep Sea Diving

ANONYMOUS

*Rhetoric 101, Theme B*

THE ART OF DIVING BEGAN WITH MAN'S DESIRE TO explore the ocean's bottom and to obtain food. Excellent swimmers could descend to a depth of thirty feet and remain there for two or three minutes. The desire to descend to greater depths and remain there for long intervals resulted in the invention and development of modern diving equipment.

A diving crew is made up of the divers, line handlers, telephone talker, and pump operators. This crew operates from a diving barge or salvage tug which is moored over the spot to which the diver must descend. All members of a diving crew are thoroughly trained in the science of diving, and usually the members are qualified to exchange duties.

The divers must meet rigid qualifications. They are given thorough physical examinations, and they must pass numerous mental tests. They must be alert and well versed in all phases of undersea work, which is most strenuous and often dangerous.

The diver's suit is of sturdy construction. The first article of apparel is a heavy, rubberized, canvas suit which resembles a pair of large coveralls with built-in feet and no front opening. The diver slips down into the suit through the neck opening. A breast plate is placed over the diver's head and attached to the neck opening of the suit in a water-tight manner. Then the lead-solid shoes are laced on, a weighted belt is buckled around the diver's middle, and rubber bands are slipped onto the cuff of the sleeves to make them watertight. The last article to be put on is the helmet, and it is donned just prior to entering the water. The helmet is a sturdy, dome-shaped shell that is slipped over the diver's head and screwed onto the breastplate. The air lines enter the helmet, and on the exterior of the helmet are various valves which control the supplying and exhausting of this air. The helmet also contains a telephone, and there is a glass window for vision. The dressing of the diver is performed by

members of the crew. The complete suit weighs about one hundred and seventy-five pounds.

When the dressing is completed, the diver enters the water, assisted by the line handlers. He adjusts the air supply so that he has a slightly negative buoyancy, and begins his descent to the bottom. The rate of descent depends on the diver's ability to adjust himself to the increase in pressure. Rapid descent is often accompanied by pain in the ears, but this is relieved by chewing vigorously. As the diver descends, the water pressure increases, and the diver must increase the air pressure in his suit accordingly.

Upon reaching the bottom the diver finds various conditions. The bottom may be hard or waist-deep mud. Under the best conditions there is little or no light and the diver must use his sense of touch to a great degree. A good sense of direction is also essential, because it is quite dangerous to become lost.

The diver's trades are many. He must be a welder, driller, burner, carpenter, and a handler of concrete. All these tasks are performed below the water's surface by the use of special equipment.

The diver's stay on the bottom is determined by his depth. A diver may remain on the bottom for four hours in shallow water but only one hour in very deep water.

The diver's ascent is a slow, precise process. While he is on the bottom, nitrogen from the air enters the diver's blood via the lungs. This nitrogen is in a liquid state and causes no trouble. But as the diver ascends, the liquid nitrogen must be passed off through the lungs. If the ascent is too rapid, the liquid nitrogen turns into its normal gaseous state and creates bubbles in the blood. This condition is known as the "bends," and it is often fatal to its victims. Therefore the diver must ascend slowly, and he must also stop at various depths for definite periods to permit a gradual release of the nitrogen.

The dangers of diving are numerous. The diver must remain alert and must follow the rules prescribed for him. Air lines are often severed by jagged wreckage. When this happens, there remains about six minutes of life-supporting air in the suit, and in this interval the diver must reach the surface. Divers are sometimes trapped when their lines become entangled in wreckage and debris. If a diver uses too much air, his suit will become over-inflated, so that he will lose control of his arms and ascend rapidly. This is known as a "blow-up." The suit may burst on nearing the surface, and the diver may drown before the line handlers can pull him onto the barge. On the other hand, a total loss of air in the suit while on the bottom results in a "squeeze," in which the diver is squeezed into the helmet, with fatal results.

The diving profession is not an easy one. These men who work in the ocean depths are to be admired. Their feats during the late war, particularly, will be long remembered. The task of raising an 85,000 ton ship from the bottom of a harbor seems to be an impossibility to the average person, but to the divers of a salvage unit it is merely a matter of time and strenuous labor.



# The Sacco-Vanzetti Case

ROBERT A. CATALDO

*Rhetoric II, Theme 13*

THE YEARS 1919 AND 1920 SAW PERVADING THE AMERICAN scene an aura of red hate, reaching a fever pitch with the so-called Red Raids of Attorney General A. Mitchell Palmer. With the co-operation of local police, Palmer's agents arrested hundreds of Communists, many times entering private homes illegally and removing the occupants to jail, destroying private property, and spattering many reputations, so intense was the feeling against this hated philosophy.<sup>1</sup> And the sympathies of the American people were with these overzealous acts of a police force of an agency in the government.

It was against a backdrop such as this that one of the greatest criminal cases of the time was unfurled: the case of Sacco and Vanzetti, cobbler and peddler, and self-confessed Anarchists, whose fates stirred the world.

During the light of day on April 24, 1920, the payroll of the Morrill & Slater Shoe Company in the town of South Braintree, Massachusetts, was stolen, and the two men who were assigned to guard it were slain. On May 5 two Italians were removed from a streetcar by the police of the adjacent city of Brockton and charged with participation in the crime.<sup>2</sup>

At the time of their arrests, Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti were involved in hiding fellow Anarchists and in organizing protest meetings. In the evening of the very day of his arrest, Vanzetti was to have been the principal speaker at one such meeting.<sup>3</sup>

In the preliminary investigation the prisoners were taken to the Quincy jail and paraded before a battery of eye witnesses in a manner not in conformance with customary procedure, which facilitated their indictments for the crime. Usually, suspects are identified out of a group, but here Sacco and Vanzetti were scrutinized singly and were made to simulate the positions of the murderers at the scene of the crime.<sup>4</sup>

The trial began at the county seat in Dedham, Massachusetts, on May 31, 1921, more than a year after the occurrence of the crime which the defendants were alleged to have committed.<sup>5</sup> The courtroom was filled early, and hundreds of the disappointed who were not able to get inside milled around outside, waiting for a look at these men who espoused the hated doctrine of

<sup>1</sup> "The Red Raids," *Nation*, CXXIII (September 22, 1926), 268.

<sup>2</sup> "Truth About the Bridgewater Holdup," *Outlook*, CL (October 31, 1928), 1053.

<sup>3</sup> "Red Raids," *loc. cit.*

<sup>4</sup> "Truth About the Bridgewater Holdup," p. 1055.

<sup>5</sup> "Sacco and Vanzetti, a Federal Lynching," *Nation*, CXXIII (September 22, 1926), 263-66.

Communism, as they were escorted by a cordon of seventeen policemen from the jail to the courthouse.

Red hysteria was rampant, and it was allowed to dominate in the courtroom. The prosecution played on the prejudices of the jury, and it focused its questioning on the philosophies of the accused, on their participations in Anarchist displays, and on their flight to Mexico in 1917 to avoid military service. This line of questioning elicited from the foreman of the jury, a retired police chief of the Quincy force, in a moment of passion: "Damn them, they ought to hang." The real problem of attempting to prove the guilt of the defendants for a specific crime seemed to have become second in importance to conviction because of political views; the case had degenerated into the Commonwealth *versus* the Anarchists.<sup>6</sup>

The opening question in the cross-examination of Vanzetti by District Attorney Katzman revealed the vein in which the case was to be conducted: "So you left Plymouth in May of 1917 to dodge the draft, did you?" Sacco was asked: "Did you go to Mexico in 1917 to avoid being a soldier for this country that you loved?"<sup>7</sup>

After examining one hundred and sixty witnesses in the preliminary investigation, the State finally settled on five witnesses against Sacco who identified him as being in the murder car—Mary Splaine, Frances Devlin, Lola Andrews, Louis Pelzer, and Carlos E. Goodridge (who had a previous criminal record for giving evidence under a false name). All their testimony was in turn contradicted by witnesses for the defense. Mary Splaine, who had been unable to identify Sacco in the Quincy jail only forty days after the crime, now made positive identification, needing a whole year of reflection and mental gyrations to make her identification positive.

Lola Andrews' testimony was contested in the courtroom by a conversation she had had with a Quincy storekeeper shortly after the crime. "I said to her, 'Hello, Lola,' and she stopped to answer me. I said, 'You look kind of tired.' She says, 'Yes. They are bothering the life out of me. I just come from jail. The Government took me down . . . to recognize those men and I don't know a thing about them. I've never seen them and can't recognize them.'"<sup>8</sup> She, too, had needed a whole year to reflect on what she saw before she was able positively to place Sacco at the murder scene. It was of Lola Andrews that the District Attorney said: "And then there is Lola Andrews. I have been in this office, gentlemen, for now more than eleven years. I cannot recall in that too long service for the Commonwealth that ever before I have laid eye or given ear to so convincing a witness as Lola Andrews." At the preliminary hearing, one of these same witnesses had identified as being present at the

<sup>6</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 264.

<sup>7</sup> Felix Frankfurter, "Case of Sacco and Vanzetti," *Atlantic Monthly*, CXXXIX (March, 1927), 419.

<sup>8</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 413.

murder one "Tony the Wop," who at the time of the crime was in a Buffalo jail.<sup>9</sup>

Against Vanzetti the State had two witnesses who claimed to have seen him at the scene of the murder. One, Dolbeare, could only testify to having seen him hours before the murder, leaving only the other, a man named Le Vangie, to claim to have seen him on the spot. Le Vangie's testimony, like that against Sacco, was contradicted. Two men, named Kennedy and Kelly, in opposition to Le Vangie, said a man almost the antithesis of Vanzetti was in the driver's seat, the position Le Vangie ascribed to the defendant Vanzetti.<sup>10</sup>

The testimony favoring Vanzetti was overwhelming. Thirty-one eye-witnesses testified positively "that no one of the men in the murder car was Vanzetti," and thirteen defense witnesses placed Vanzetti in Plymouth selling fish on the afternoon of the murder.<sup>11</sup> Sacco, on that same day, said he had been in the office of the Italian Consulate in Boston seeking a passport to his native Italy, and he offered, unavailingly, to prove it.<sup>12</sup>

The testimony that proved most damaging to the accused came from Captain Proctor, a ballistics expert with the State Police. It was Proctor's contention, both before and after the trial, that one of the bullets found in Beredelli's body came from a Colt .32 automatic, but he could not, would not, and did not claim that the bullet had emanated from the Colt automatic found on Sacco at the time of his arrest. Proctor notified the District Attorney that if the direct question of the bullet's coming from Sacco's gun were put to him in the courtroom, he would have to answer in the negative. Aware of the public's (hence the jury's) ignorance in such matters, Proctor entered into an agreement with the District Attorney whereby the question would be rephrased and the answer would make it appear to the lay jury that Sacco's gun was the murder gun. The question was put to Proctor thus:

"Have you any opinion as to whether bullet number 3 was fired from the Colt automatic which is in evidence [Sacco's gun]?"

To which was answered: "I have."

"And what is your opinion?"

"My opinion is that it is consistent with being fired by that pistol."

This testimony, while actually beneficial to the defense, was distorted and used as a most damaging weapon.<sup>13</sup>

The trial lasted seven weeks. On July 14, 1920, after five hours' deliberation, the verdict of guilty in the first degree against each defendant was brought in by the jury.<sup>14</sup>

Despite conviction, death was to elude the unfortunate Sacco and Vanzetti for six years, during which time their frequent requests for a new trial were

<sup>9</sup> "Sacco and Vanzetti, a Federal Lynching," p. 266.

<sup>10</sup> Frankfurter, *op. cit.*, pp. 414-15. <sup>11</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>12</sup> "Sacco and Vanzetti, a Federal Lynching," p. 265.

<sup>13</sup> Frankfurter, *op. cit.*, p. 425.

<sup>14</sup> "Sacco and Vanzetti, a Federal Lynching," *loc. cit.*



denied, even in the face of new evidence that included a confession by a member of the notorious Morelli gang of Providence that the Morelli gang had committed the crime.<sup>15</sup>

It was the same Judge Thayer who had presided at the trial, not without prejudice, who reviewed the new evidence as it was put forth in subsequent motions for a new trial.<sup>16</sup> This noble magistrate, in denying one such motion for reopening of the case, said: "The evidence that convicted these defendants was circumstantial and was evidence that is known as 'consciousness of guilt.'" <sup>17</sup> (Is the nature of circumstantial evidence such that it can prove guilt beyond the "shadow of a doubt?" And what is this "consciousness of guilt?")

This "consciousness of guilt" meant that the conduct of the defendants after the murders indicated that they were murderers. At the time of their arrest, Sacco and Vanzetti were asked the question, "Are you a Socialist, a Radical, a Black Hand?" By the nature of this questioning the suspects thought they were being arrested for a political crime and they lied in their answers; they had not been told of the suspicion of murder that had been lodged against them.<sup>18</sup> It was these lies during the earliest moments of the whole affair that were offered as evidence of the "consciousness of guilt" in their conduct. A closer examination of their actions from April 24, the day of the murder, until their capture two weeks later, could have given an altogether different label to their actions. Sacco and Vanzetti maintained the same jobs, the same home addresses, and, as already mentioned, both were supposed to attend a protest meeting in the neighboring town of Cocheset on the very evening of their arrest.<sup>19</sup>

The case was engendering world wide repercussions. By actual count twelve leading Paris journals on August 5, 1927, devoted four times as much space to it as to the breakup of the Geneva Conference.<sup>20</sup> Ramsay MacDonald, former (and later) Prime Minister of England, said, "This whole affair is too terrible; I hope the reputation of the United States will be saved the horror of this execution." <sup>21</sup>

On August 10, 1927, after six years in prison awaiting execution, Sacco and Vanzetti were led to the death chamber at the State Prison at Charlestown, where the death sentence was carried out, ostensibly for the crime of robbery and murder.

What kind of justice is it that permits the levying of a penalty against a law violator greater than the one prescribed by the law? The penalty for the

<sup>15</sup> "Cobbler and Peddler, Whose Fates Stir the World." *Literary Digest*, XCIII (April 23, 1927), 6.

<sup>16</sup> *Ibid.* <sup>17</sup> Frankfurter, *op. cit.*, p. 416.

<sup>18</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 418.

<sup>19</sup> E. G. Evans, "Sacco and Vanzetti," *Survey*, LVI (June 15, 1926), 364-65.

<sup>20</sup> "Massachusetts the Murderer," *Nation*, CXXV (August 31, 1927), 192-93.

<sup>21</sup> *Ibid.*

crime for which Sacco and Vanzetti were convicted is death; the penalty assessed them was death, plus six horrible years in jail. And the crime of which they were surely guilty, that of being Anarchists and agitators . . .

Did justice triumph?

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## One Person I Can't Forget

JACK ROLENS

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 3*

WHEN I FIRST MET HER I SAW ONLY A BLUSTERING, old-maidish teacher who seemed rather to be feared than liked. In most of the people I asked about her, she had inspired a kind of awe. To account for this seemingly unreasonable awe of others, I asked to be placed in her English class. I wished to know the person that she was; I think I shall never forget the person that I found.

"Take out fifty sheets of paper," were the first words I heard her say, even before I was settled in my seat the first day. From then on till the end of the semester, I heard these same unreasonable words time and again. This was the world she lived in, a world that never waited and always demanded. In her day there were sixteen working hours—into which twenty-four hours of work had to be crammed. How she managed to hold up under the strain which she endured I shall never know.

Every particle of her being was alive, vitally alive. Most people exist, but she was alive. In her eyes there was a sparkle, in her mind a thought, in her heart a flame, and in her soul a yearning which never slept. She lived in a world of students who were growing in mind and soul. It was a world that could be built and molded into a greater tomorrow, for she had within her grasp young clay which could be shaped and young minds which could be kindled into flame.

"If you don't like the politician, oust him from office. If you don't like the environment, clean it up." This was an example of her creed. Do, do, do!

"But before you do it, know the facts." This was her code, and she saw in every person who passed before her a "doer." I think it was her fanatical love for people and all the things that are good in this world that drove her. She was honest because she followed her code with unfaltering faith.

She watched closest for the dreamers in her search for clay. "If you can't dream, how can you aspire to build a better world?" She cultivated the dreamer, urged him and encouraged him to dream even greater dreams, and above all "to do."

But what was her reward? I think she found her reward in accomplishment. When she saw the fire beginning to burn brightly and began to sense the ache tugging at another's inner being, she felt reward enough to her own heart, for she belongs to yesterday and tomorrow.

I know these things, for I dream myself the dream she had.

"I thanked Him that my flame was there  
Nourished by hope, and love—and prayer.  
I knew my flame must surely spread  
To those whose hearts were cold and dead  
Or else go out. . . ."

## John the Barber

KENNETH MILES

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 1*

I HEREBY NOMINATE JOHN THE BARBER AS THE CHIEF detractor from the luster of college life at the University of Illinois. As I have previously foolishly exposed myself to the questionable talents of this Green Street businessman, I feel that I can judge him with some accuracy. This tonsorial pervert has proven to me conclusively that he is, at best, a fourth-rate clipper of locks. As I discovered to my sorrow, pre-haircut instructions as to just what and how much the customer wants trimmed, in John's case, consistently fall on deaf ears. The skill of this barber may have progressed past the soup-bowl-on-head technique, but I see little difference in the results of his handiwork and those of that primitive method. John's system is swift (he usually takes almost five minutes to complete his nefarious work) and quite disorganized—the whole process resulting in complete chaos in what hair remains. I believe an alarmingly clear analogy could be drawn between the finished product emerging from John's emporium and a mature porcupine with outstretched quills. I contend that the preying on defenseless students by this comb-and-shears villain should be terminated.



# Short Stories of the Tragedy and Comedy of Life

Selections from Guy de Maupassant

CAROLINE TAYLOR

*Rhetoric II, Theme 11*

GUY DE MAUPASSANT WAS A VERY UNUSUAL MAN. TO appreciate this fact it is necessary to begin by knowing how he died. Death did not come as a quiet panacea for the troubles of life. Death was not the last and final event of Maupassant's life. Like the inconstant trickster it is, death has no characteristic form. It can be sweet or tragic, sudden or lingering, but never the same twice. For Maupassant death began almost as soon as life, although not as conspicuously. It began to haunt him infrequently at first and only in the far recesses of his mind. That is where he slowly died, in his brilliant, clever mind. Slowly, like water dripping from a cracked vessel, Maupassant's reason left him, until near the end he lost all reason and became ravingly insane. It is brutal to say, but perhaps this slow relinquishing of reason made him the man he was. History has intimated as much.

There was nothing brilliant about his beginning. Like many normal writers of his time he began as a disciple and pupil of a recognized master. Flaubert was the fortunate one to bring Maupassant to public view. From Flaubert Maupassant gained much. Perhaps the care in detail, the style of arrangement used by Maupassant can be entirely attributed to Flaubert. It has been done. It is true Flaubert was gifted, as *Madame Bovary* attests, but it is also true that Maupassant was far more brilliant. The cleverness of description shown by Flaubert is marvelously displayed by Maupassant. Without the unique characteristic lent by his insanity Maupassant would have won some fame. With that spark of intangible something attributed to his insanity, he was a genius. Some call this spark realism, some insidious but clever satire, and some daring. Whatever it was and is, it lives as a unique gift in writing.

I can not say I like Guy de Maupassant's work. If I am honest I will confess I hate him for every word he has written. I hate the sordidness, the crafty, hateful deceiving natures he has given those moving in his stories. He saw beneath the fine idealistic veneer we so glibly lay over our true feelings. Maybe that is saying too much too strongly. Maybe those ugly glimpses of the devil in us are not truly ourselves. If not, then the guilty sensation Maupassant has filled me with is the essence of his genius. It is comforting to know the world considered him insane. It would be too disturbing to think he was the sane judge of our inner selves and we the ones guilty of insanity.

# My First Fight

STANLEY ELKIN

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 7*

THE AFTERNOON SUN CAME TEASINGLY THROUGH THE school windows with warm invitations and promises that could be redeemed at three o'clock. The teacher, aware of her competition, did not try too hard, and long division gave way to thoughts of green grass and summer breezes. Intimations of soft-ball games entered the classroom with the rays of the sun. Outside, in the playground, a group of high-school boys shouted to each other as they played ball, and the children experienced vicariously the joys of the game. Lessons lay dormant and three o'clock stood just off stage waiting to be announced.

The classroom clock is an ever present witness to primary education. It knows by heart *Elson's First Reader*, the multiplication tables through nine, and the pledge to the flag. It is a friend or an enemy depending upon the time of day. Just then it was a friend and sang out proudly that it was three o'clock. I fled toward the exit with the others. Tom, class hero unlimited, was several feet in front of me. In order to catch up with him, I took longer strides than my ten-year-old pace allowed me to take comfortably.

"Hi, Tom," I greeted him.

"Hello." It was not a friendly *hello*; it was perfunctory, superior. Tom seemed to see no further reason for continuing the conversation and turned to walk away.

"Are you going to the empty lot to play ball, Tom? Would you mind if I walked along with you? If you're short a guy, maybe I could play." I knew that I was pushing myself, but it's no fun to be lonely when you're ten years old and the sun is shining.

Tom looked at me and laughed. The tone of his laughter was in the same vein that his hello had been. It was a superior, mirthless laugh that played with his face a while and then settled into a twisted smile. With the smile serving as a background for his words he said, "Yeah, you can walk with me. I don't think you'll be able to play with us though—Jew!"

My immature mind did not understand the deep tragedy of the statement. I could not comprehend the purge of a million Jews in Nazi Germany, nor understand two thousand years of proud history. I only realized that the sun was shining and school was out for the day. I did not intend to allow religion to interfere with first base. "I am not Jewish," I told him.

"You are. You're a dirty kike!"

"I'm not."

"You are."

"I'm not. I'M NOT!"

"Jew-bastard!" He was laughing now.

Tears began to blur my vision and I felt a dull ache in my throat. My nose ran. "You're one," I said.

"Ha-ha-ha. Tell it to the rabbi. Good-by, kike!" He walked away, laughing.

My body convulsed with sobs, and tears ran freely down my cheeks. He had not touched me. No blows had been exchanged, but the pain in my body was terrible. Hurt welled up within me, contorting my features; not a physical hurt, but a pain that had its origin in my feeling ashamed. I cried. I cried as a mother might cry for punishing her child without cause, for although he had not touched me, no blows had been exchanged, the pain in my body was terrible. I had denied being a Jew. I was completely beaten up.

## Why I Chose the University of Illinois

UZOECHINA NWAGBO

*Rhetoric 101, Exemption*

WHEN I GRADUATED FROM HIGH SCHOOL IN DECEMBER, 1941, I tried to convince my parents that I should be given a chance to study overseas. My father felt that the cost of training in a foreign country was prohibitive, so he sent me to the Higher College, Yaba. This college is a University College affiliated with the University of London. After my second year I passed the London Intermediate Examination in science, but I did not like the idea of completing the degree course as an external student. My idea of a university training is that it should make one creative, and it should help one discover himself.

Two months after I left the Yaba Higher College, a young student returned from the United States to become the assistant editor of one of our leading daily newspapers. He soon transformed the outlook of this newspaper and was introducing new features. He was not the first Nigerian to have gone to study overseas. Many Nigerians have been to study both in Great Britain and France, but none of them had been able to make a lasting impression on Nigerian society. Mr. Ojike, the American-trained editor, began to organize different study groups, teaching people how to write short stories and books. He also organized mass-education classes in which such subjects as economics, sociology, and art were taught to people who had not the privilege to go to a high school. Later two more students returned from the United States, and these students organized trade schools to teach people all sorts of trades. They



also began to urge people to go to the United States and make use of the large opportunities which their institutions offered. My father did not need to be talked to to be convinced that there might be some good to be derived from training in a foreign university. These American trained students had convinced him, not by words, but by their deeds.

Having decided to come to the United States, I asked Mr. Ojike to recommend a University for me. He described various universities which he knew; some of them were small, others were large and had a college campus. I decided that I should go to a university which had courses in different fields of learning and whose student body included people from nearly all parts of the world. The University of Illinois was the only one of the universities he recommended which, I believe, satisfied these requirements. Moreover I was thrilled by the fact that it is situated in one of the few states of the Union which is known to nearly every school boy in my country. Abraham Lincoln's biography is studied in all Nigerian schools, and most of the books written about him contain the sentence, "He was born in the backwoods of Illinois." I was also happy to choose Illinois because it was towards the west, in the prairie region where there is plenty of space and fresh air. Most towns in my country are built on the "garden-city" pattern and each house is surrounded by a large garden. The University of Illinois campus would thus present a sight not very different from what I am used to at home. I did not want to go to New York or the other universities situated in large towns because I would always feel lost in the mass of skyscrapers, and my longing for green fields, fresh air, and a starry sky would always make me homesick.

Yes, I chose an American university in preference to all others because, if for nothing else, it will make me discover myself, it will make me creative, and will help me develop confidence and use initiative in my struggle in life. It will not just turn me out a "walking encyclopaedia." And above all, I chose Illinois because it has a collection of people from various parts of the world. In this it is universal, as is implied by the meaning of the word "university." It was with joy that I discovered in President Stoddard's address to freshmen that this was the true aim of the University of Illinois.

### **The Banca**

A banca is a kind of boat or canoe made from a hollowed-out log and is used by the people of the Philippine Islands. A banca is narrower than an ordinary canoe and is also much longer than a canoe. The length of a banca is about fifteen feet and the width is about one and one-half feet. Most of the bancas are equipped with an outrigger, which is a long bamboo pole that is extended about six feet along one side. The outrigger is used to balance the banca and makes it almost impossible to over-turn. Bancas are propelled with a short paddle in the same manner as a canoe is paddled. The narrowness of the banca gives it more speed and makes paddling easier than that of a canoe or row-boat. Some of the larger bancas are equipped with sails and a few of them are even fitted with outboard motors.—WILLIAM T. WEITZ.

# The Band That Came to Dinner

STANLEY KOVEN

*Rhetoric 1, Theme 10*

TO US FIVE, DICKY, GORDY, SHELLY, RONNY, AND MYSELF, it was the beginning of another era. That telephone call from South Haven, which had occurred only an hour earlier, had already set in motion the idea that this might possibly be that one lucky break about which all musicians dream; new vistas had opened themselves to us, and, because we were very young, we visualized our small musical aggregation as the center of national attention in the very near future.

My parents, I must confess, were not quite so enthusiastic. Late that night, well after I had gone to bed, I could still hear them discussing, in subdued whispers, the advisability of such a project. In fact, all during that last week in May, they confined themselves to hushed controversies about the band job at Simson's Resort in South Haven, Michigan, and I began to fear that the promised break might not materialize after all.

But it did. A prolonged telephone conversation with the parents of one of the other fellows relieved them of a number of anxieties, and, grudgingly, they consented, with the mystic and all-embracing warning to "watch myself." All that remained was to make ready for the trip.

Those were weeks of hurried, mad confusion. A summer tuxedo had to be fitted (I gasped at the thought of it, my first); our band leader, in what seemed to me the last, frenzied stages of insanity, called hurried and frequent rehearsals, during which old music was rehashed, new music learned, and catchy novelty numbers arranged; and there were the goodbys to all the relatives, at least a thousand of them, each with a sound piece of advice on how to conduct myself when away from home. (I still think a number of them frowned on my parents for permitting "so young a child" to embark on such a reckless life.) At the end of those four weeks, I was most certainly a bundle of nerves. I felt dizzy, bewildered, as helpless as an infant on the Sahara, and not a little frightened at the sub-human tactics which had been described to me as the workings of the business and musical worlds.

I remember the trip to South Haven very clearly, from the moment I bade my mother a solemn farewell to that fateful instant when we disembarked at Benton Harbor where we were to be met by a motor-bus which would carry us to the resort. The large, gray-hulled excursion boat was packed to capacity with every possible species of screaming, filthy, snivelling child; every sort of ample-bosomed, perspiring mother; and every weary, brow-beaten father imaginable. Propped up on our instruments in a corner of one of the ship's

holds, we anxiously calculated the passage of time and looked enviously at anyone who seemed to be enjoying himself. To make a disagreeable situation even more sordid, the sea became rougher and rougher as the trip progressed; angrily the waves slapped at the sides of the ship, as if they hoped we would never arrive in one piece. Slowly, the floor beneath us began to heave and sway, and our stomachs followed suit. Lemons made their appearance along the decks and corridors; little children, propped up against the railings by their long-suffering mothers, pierced the air with their wails of disaster—but in spite of all, miraculously, we escaped.

We arrived in Benton Harbor on a calm sea; the skies were cloudless and brilliant, and the boat was a scene of quiet anticlimax to the agony at sea. We descended with a calm sense of relief, though slightly shaken from a digestive point of view. After an interval of perhaps forty-five minutes, during which we sat uncomfortably on our baggage in the broiling sun, the expected bus rattled up the street and stopped in front of us with a disheartening jolt. Identifying ourselves, we clambered in and more or less collapsed on the leather-cushioned seats.

At last we were on our way down the highway, lurching past rustic farmhouses, wide pasture lands, and leafy, overhanging trees on either side of the road. Our spirits slowly began to revive, and as we drew into the outskirts of South Haven, we were once more smiling in eager expectancy.

Looking out of the window as we drove up the long, winding driveway, I caught my first glimpse of Simson's Resort. Small, compact, with an immaculate main building, several smaller guest houses, and a stucco recreation hall, the entire resort reflected an atmosphere of peaceful and quiet relaxation.

It was growing dark as we entered the musty office where Ruby and Sam, the two brothers who enjoyed joint ownership of the resort, conducted their business affairs. Ruby had a jocund, always-smiling look, heightened by a swarthy complexion and a large, neatly-clipped moustache; his brother, by contrast, seemed to scowl perpetually, his beady black eyes scrutinizing everything too minutely for comfort.

"Well, boys," Ruby boomed, his voice cordial and unaffected, "we're glad to see you made it. I bet it was a rough trip for you, huh?"

We nodded in assent, to which he replied, "Well, then, I'll show you to your room, and you can see about getting some sleep."

Each of us thanked him from the bottom of our hearts and followed him out of the office into the main building, where we were shown to our quarters. I could hardly begin to describe our place of lodging at this point, since we were all so over-fatigued that, upon conveying our baggage and instruments to the room, we all fell into bed with a unanimous sigh. That was the only night I did not notice the juke-box playing too loudly in the next building.

The next day, and, in fact, the next week, was a period of pleasant accom-



modation; new faces, scenes, and situations blended into a picture of contentment for the five of us. Shelly, our band leader, was particularly pleased.

"Gee whiz, fellas," he exclaimed after lunch one day, "did you notice the great food they serve us? My mother doesn't bake any better. And the service we get—you'd think we were kings!"

Dicky chimed in, "Yeah, and the 'rec' hall is the greatest. We've even got a halfway decent band-stand. Boy, wait'll my folks hear the news."

"That's all O. K. as far as you're concerned," I interrupted, throwing a wet blanket on the conversation, "but what about my piano? It sounds like it hasn't been tuned since Hoover went out."

"And that ain't all," Ronny added. "What about the contract? I thought we were supposed to get one the day we arrived."

"Oh, don't worry," Shelly advised, "We'll get it. They just overlooked it. You're living, ain't you?"

The days went on, each as sunny and warm as the one before. The cool breezes from nearby Lake Michigan were delightfully refreshing as the evenings drew on. During those evenings, we played as we had never played before. The waitresses from the resort came over *en masse*, and gradually we began drawing the crowds of adolescents from the town who were looking for a free place to dance. Our only worry was the contract, and subsequently it began to appear that our fears were justified. The owners began to resent our mornings and afternoons of leisurely recreation and asked us several times, in an extremely subtle tone, if we would mind "bussing" tables at meals in addition to our evenings of playing in the recreation hall. No indication was made that our salary was to be increased; consequently, a feeling of resentment began to grow among us.

As the delicate question of the contract had still not even been hinted at by our employers, and as conditions began to look threatening, we approached Ruby one day.

"Can't say anything about it, boys," was his placid reply. "You've got to see my father about that."

Reluctantly, we put our question to old Mr. Simson; his answer was, to say the least, ambiguous. It appeared that we were not old enough to apply a valid signature to a written contract, and as our parents were in Chicago—well, you understand.

No more horse-back riding, no more swimming or just seeing the sights in town—this was the verdict of our employers, and since we were over a hundred miles from home, what could we do?

The worst blow of all, however, fell when we were required to change our quarters to the out building in which the kitchen help was housed. Our room in the main building had been comfortable and, most important of all, clean; our new room was neither. Flies speckled the one glass windowpane in the unit; the walls of corrugated cardboard were thin and certainly not conducive

to airiness. To make things still worse, we were fed at least appropriate hours, and the food somehow just wasn't the same; also, we were soon requested to devote all of our time to "bussing" and were told to forget about the music we were hired to play. This was the last straw; an "eleventh-hour" conference was hurriedly called among us. Sullenly we decided it was best to leave before our employers had us washing floors.

We packed slowly, laggingly; after all, we were really attached to the place although we had been mistreated there. As we trudged laboriously up to the office to inform the brothers of our decision and to collect our pay, I cast a rueful glance back at the recreation hall where we had all had such a wonderful time. That piano was really not so bad after all, I thought to myself.

We marched dolefully up the dusty road past the neat row of houses that had been our home for over a month and a half; slowly, I began repeating to myself, "This has been good experience; it really has. After all, I want to be a musician, and what better way is there to learn?"

That was when we were very young. . . .

## I Love My Country

DAVID MCCONNELL

*Rhetoric 101, Theme B*

I AM A FARM BOY, SIMPLE IN WORD AND THOUGHT. MY love for my country is great because this country is mine. I am a stockholder in the soil, the resources, and every other factor which makes up the heart and soul of this magnificent land. The rolling hills, the lush valleys, the flowing rivers, the green trees, the barren deserts, the jagged mountains and the clear, cold lakes all belong to me because I live here and I am free. I am free and so are my fellow countrymen—banded together, working playing, and living with each other in the land we love.

Because I love my country, I become very depressed when my countrymen mistreat our God-given materials. When greedy men tear down the soil, ruthlessly cut the timber, and refuse to conserve the riches of nature, it hurts me deeply.

Perhaps when I said "God-given" materials, I spoke wrongly. These things are only being lent to us. That Great Being, whoever He may be, is, in a commercial sense, a very poor business man. He lends His world, bit by bit, without demanding security or interest from those to whom He lends. He will, however, demand His interest in generations hence. The stocks He lent will become depleted, and our descendants will have nothing left in which to invest their lives. The soil will no longer supply vitamins and minerals. Malnutrition, causing poor teeth, weak bones, and disease, will prevail.

It has been said many times that "poor land makes poor people." We must bear this in mind if our health standards and life expectancy charts are to continue to show improvement. We must see that our forests are re-planted, our soil is kept out of the rivers, our rain is retained where it falls, our fields have returned to them, in some form, the nutrients that are taken out. All these things and many more must be done if our civilization is to remain great.

I am just one person, weak when campaigning against many, but I am willing to devote my life to helping save and reclaim my country and your country. In this devotion I will try to save your children and my children. In my back-woods, left-handed, awkward manner I am saying that I will do my part to help save the country I love.

## Four Daughters

CHIIJOKO KATANO

*Rhetoric XI, Assignment 2, Extension*

OUR HOUSEHOLD WAS BLESSED WITH FIVE CHILDREN.

After a son, Mother and Father had four daughters. The Japanese, like the Chinese, feel a son is worth two daughters. It must have caused great anguish to my parents to find each succeeding child a female. Of course, this never bothered the four of us girls. In fact, I believe Joe missed a great deal by not being born a daughter too. He always refused to join in our fun, for his greatest fear was being a sissy.

One of our favorite pastimes was the playing of stage. If Mother did not hear us stomping through the house or fighting over some trivial matter, she would find us playing stage in the backyard. The stage was the cement walk beyond the back stairs. Talents were unrestrained in this hidden setting. Hollywood movie stars could not compare with our performers.

The audience would sit under the walnut tree about ten feet away from the stage. The seat was an old wooden bench or, more usually, good solid earth. Nature was preferred, for during intermission we could play with the cool sand or watch an ant with an enormous load scurrying back to its nest. The audience consisted of the two youngest girls of the group, Margie and I. We were considered too young to be good performers. No celebrated actor could have had a more faithful or enthusiastic audience. We laughed, clapped, or screamed religiously.

The program varied very little. New acts were added only after seeing an impressive motion picture. Michi would tap dance to the tune of "East Side, West Side." Three steps and seven steps composed most of the dance, with a shuffle here and there to break the monotony. She even sang, in spurts and



between breaths, while she tapped. To us, she was as limber as Ruby Keeler and, with lipstick and rouge smeared over her face, much prettier.

Aiki, the oldest daughter of our family, specialized in impersonations of the great *femme fatales* of that time. Mae West, with improvised bosom and hips, strolled onto the stage. With rings on every finger flashing in the sunlight, she would wave her hand and murmur in a husky contralto, "Come up and see me sometime, big boy!" Or Greta Garbo would grace the stage with Joe's baggy brown pants and jacket. With eyelids lowered and a candy cigarette hanging limply from her extended fingers, she would sigh, "I want to be alone-a."

The gayest and naughtiest song and dance number ever presented by this all-star cast was Clara Bow's "Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay." Two smiling faced, wiggly girls would prance on the stage, singing in childish voices, with as much zip as Clara Bow herself. We would see two panties made of flour sack flounced before us with a zestful "Boom-de-ay." And at this precise moment, we would squeal with delight.

Mother's call usually ended our blissful state. Audience and performers would reluctantly file into the house, and be again just the four daughters.

### April Morn

Clank, clank, clank went the old cow bell. No one so much as moved an eyelid. "Rise and shine, the weather's fine, lash up and stew," called out the obnoxiously cheerful bell ringer. The response was a little short of instantaneous. In fact on this bright spring morning when the sun shone as brightly through the open windows, the response was nil. "Rise and shine, rise and shine," clank, clank as the bell ringer bounced cheerfully from man to man. The response was as before. All down the long line of bunks not so much as a spring squeaked. On every bunk there was a large sag in the springs, and in every bunk there was a large bump above the sag. The bumps had no arms or legs, no top or bottom, no front or back, and they didn't even snore; they were just bumps. The bell ringer was disgusted with his fellow man. To salve his conscience he delivered himself of one final blast, "Gentleman, to hell with all of you." With this he clanked cheerfully out of the room and down to breakfast.—WILLIAM REHM.

### Decor

An ancient tapestry formed the back-drop for a low teak-wood table. The legs which supported this table were elaborately carved dragons with short, stubby legs ending in hideous claws. Their sleek, supple bodies slithered upward to cling fiendishly to the tabletop while their ferocious, snarling jaws, exposing odious fangs, seemed suspended in mid-air. On each side of the table was an exquisite Chinese chair. A lamp rested atop the table. The base of the lamp was a huge, jade Buddha. The bulky, ancient idol with eyelids closed, lips slightly smiling, hands relaxed and legs folded loosely under his massive body, suggested complete repose. Crowning the Buddha's head was a silk lamp shade in the shape of a pagoda. This fantastic shade was heavily embroidered in multi-colored Chinese figures that seemed to have no rhyme or reason. There were serpents, lotus blossoms, graceful birds, quaint bridges and Chinese characters robed in richly patterned gowns.—JEAN THEURER.

# Tornado

MELVIN CHUROVICH

*Rhetoric 1, Theme 5*

IT HAD BEEN A DISMAL MORNING. ONLY A PATCH OF PALE yellow-orange on the eastern horizon marked the rising of the sun. Even this inkling of color soon faded, and the gray became steadily colder and darker. Throughout the day the clouds gathered overhead. Each minute found them more ominous than they had been the minute before. The leaves hung motionless on the trees; only the clouds moved. Everyone was quiet, for it seemed that the slightest sound would bring the skies thundering down.

Suddenly the silence was broken by a vicious splattering, as the rain began to fall in a heavy downpour. Faster and faster it fell, with its torrential ferocity matched only by the rapidly mounting fury of the wind. Together they lashed at everything in their path. The rain beat on the roofs and windows while the wind ripped at the trees and buildings. Above the din of the storm came a distant rumble which grew quickly into a roar that exploded on the helpless community like a tiger slashing and clawing its victim. Great trees crashed and buildings were shattered to matchwood before the onslaught. Then, as suddenly as it had come, the tornado sped away. Everything was quiet again as the people emerged from their cellars. They were too stunned to voice the anguish and discouragement that showed plainly in their drawn faces. They simply stood and stared at the scattered wreckage that once had been their homes.

# Rhet as Writ

Title for a theme: "The Upper Birth vs. the Lower Birth."

\* \* \* \*

Our cat is as old as my sister who is fourteen and is still in good health.

\* \* \* \*

Sex education should begin for a boy or girl as soon as he or she reaches the age of poverty.

\* \* \* \*

The gentleman was a very extinguished looking character.

\* \* \* \*

Mercy killings would provide a solution for many grave problems which the modern state is obliged to face.

\* \* \* \*

The individual instructor is a very important man. He is the principal clog in the educational machine.

## The Contributors

NAME

HIGH SCHOOL

*Mildred Ary*—Bishop Muldoon, Rockford

*Robert Cataldo*—Weymouth, Mass.

*Melvin Churovich*—Granite City

*Stanley Elkin*—South Shore, Chicago

*James Hardesty*—Palestine Twp.

*Gordon Johnson*—Dixon

*Chijjoko Katano*—Poston, Arizona

*Stanley Koven*—Hyde Park, Chicago

*David McConnell*—Woodstock

*Kenneth Miles*—Belvidere

*Ardis Miller*—New Trier, Winnetka

*Uzoechina Nwagbo*—University College, Ibadan, Nigeria,  
British West Africa

*Jack Rolens*—Springfield

*Eleanor Sifferd*—University, Urbana

*Caroline Taylor*—Medford, Mass.